

10th Grade Poetry Book

- [Devil's Kettle](#)
- [Tomatoes](#)
- [Wasted Time](#)
- [Life?](#)
- [Sturdy Stool](#)
- [School](#)

Devil's Kettle

The great devil's Kettle,
Where does it go? I don't know.
Leading to nowhere.

Tomatoes

Tomatoes.

Why are tomatoes?

Tomatoes are to make ketchup only,
and that's that.

Tomatoes in a salad! Crazy I say!

Tomatoes on burgers!?

only squashed is the way.

You say in soup? I think I'll Puke!

Tomatoes are had best on fries.

Fries from potatoes,

potatoes go with tomatoes.

This is why tomatoes are.

Wasted Time

You have time, why waste it?
Avoiding what you need to do,
and straying from what you want.
Yet you sit there doing nothing, wasting time.
Those who do not have much time see its value,
They do not waste what little time is given to them.
But your time is in abundance,
you do not recognize its value because you have time.
Why waste what you have
that others don't have enough of?
Why do you sit there avoiding your responsibilities?
Avoiding your hobbies and the people you love?
Why do you waste your time?

Life?

What is life?

Life is a mystery,
something filled with strife.

What is life,

Something where madness and sadness are rife?

Or something filled with inconsistencies.

What is life;

Life is a mystery.

Sturdy Stool

The stool did stand, and on the stool, I stood.
For days outside, just wood against the wall,
Became a stool made from sturdy redwood.
And every day, the stool would stand tall.

The stool was a handy tool,
It could fold, and fit into tight spaces,
And many agreed that that part was cool,
You should have seen the look on their faces.

Along came the metal stool clink, clang, clank.
The metal was both light and sturdy too,
And came to replace the stool made of plank.
And to the stool of plan, I bid adieu.

The stool doesn't stand, the wood is rotten,
In the garbage it will be forgotten.

School

When in school, you can do a great thing.
In between classes, the bell will ring,
All of the students hurry to class.
There are many subjects for them to grasp,
And many things they need to bring.

In the class, to a desk many cling,
The bell once again, between classes they swing.
Many students make their paths,
When in school.

School is over, and for the last time, the bell sings,
Up from their desk, many students spring.
In the halls, the students amass,
The speed at which they leave, you cannot surpass.
From all the learning, many heads are aching,
When in school.